

The most lamentable Tragedie

But giue your Pidgions to the Emperour,
By me thou shalt haue iustice at his hands,
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer a Supplication?

Clowne. I sir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you
come to him, at the first approch you must kneele, then kisse
his foote, then deliuer vp your Pidgions, and then looke for
your rewarde. Ile be at hand sir, see you doe it braue-
lie.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let mee alone.

Titus. Sirra hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant.
And when thou hast giuen it to the Emperour,
Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will. *Exit.*

Titus. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

*Enter Emperour and Empreffe, and her two sonnes, the
Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand
that Titus shot at him.*

Satur. Why Lordes what wrongs are these, was euer seene,
An Emperour in Rome thus ouer-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iustice, vsde in such contempt.
My Lords you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares, there nought hath past,
But euen with law against the wilfull sonnes

of Titus A

Of old *Andronicus*. And wh
His sorrowes haue so ouerwh
Shall we be thus afflicted in hi
His fits, his frenzie, and his bi
And now he writes to heauen
See here's to *Ioue*, and this to
This to *Apollo*, this to the Go
Sweet scrowles to flie about th
Whats this but libelling again
And blazoning our vniustice
A goodly humor, is it not my
As who would say, in Rome n
But if I liue, his fained extasie
Shall be no shelter to these out
But he and his shall know tha
In *Saturninus* health, whom if
Hele so awake, as he in furie sh
Cut off the proud'st conspirat

Tamora. My gracious Lord
Lord of my life, commaunder
Calme thee, and beare the faul
Th'effects of sorrow for his val
Whose losse hath pearst him d
And rather comfort his distres
Than prosecute the meanest o
For these contempts: Why th
Hie witted *Tamora* to glose wi
But *Titus* I haue touched thee
Thy life blood out: if *Aron* n
Then is all safe, the Anchor in

Enter Cl

How now good fellow, woul
Clowne. Yea forsooth, & yo

Of